

OGDEN CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1914.

# HEY YOU! Are You Goin'?

Between the headwaters of the Kennebec River in Maine to the mouth of the Columbia in Oregon, there are a million swimming holes, according to the estimates of "Skinny" and "Spider" and "Fat" and "Red," and the rest of the bunch. Those kids may not be much on "geography," but there is one thing they know all about, and that is the invitation to go to "th' ole swimmin' hole" where they can dive head first off of the big rock.

Hold up two fingers to any member of the gang and no matter if he is whitewashing fences like Tom Sawyer, or if he is getting ready to go to Sunday School with Aunt Polly, it's all the same to the gangster. It's out of the shoes for him and lickety cut across lots and fields to the big creek down in the timber where he will have opportunity to show he can swim further than from here to the other side of the house.

And there is no greater incentive to speed than the sign of two fingers, because according to the rules of etiquette in Boyville the last one in is sure to be mugged by the rest of the kids.

But there's always one fellow along who "can't swim farther than nothing," and whose mother told him not to go anyway, and, besides, he got bellyache the last time he went, and cried.

They have named him Johnny Dear for short, because they heard his mother call him that once and poor Johnny Dear is in trouble half the time. Johnny Dear's ambitions are high as long as the water is out of sight, but down in the creek there are crawdads and leeches and water moccasins, and Johnny Dear is afraid some of the big kids will drag him out to the deepest part of the hole where the water is cold, because a spring comes out of a bank near there, so Johnny Dear sticks to the bank and says he doesn't want to go in.

"Aw, find eat, mollycoddler, sissy kid," come the calls of derision from Skinny and Fatty and Red and the gang.

"Aw, I hain't neither afraid," says Johnny Dear, and in desperation pulls off his clothes and wades gingerly in.

"Skeered to dive," yells Spider. "Skeered to dive."

"I hain't skeered, but I don't want to," says Johnny Dear.

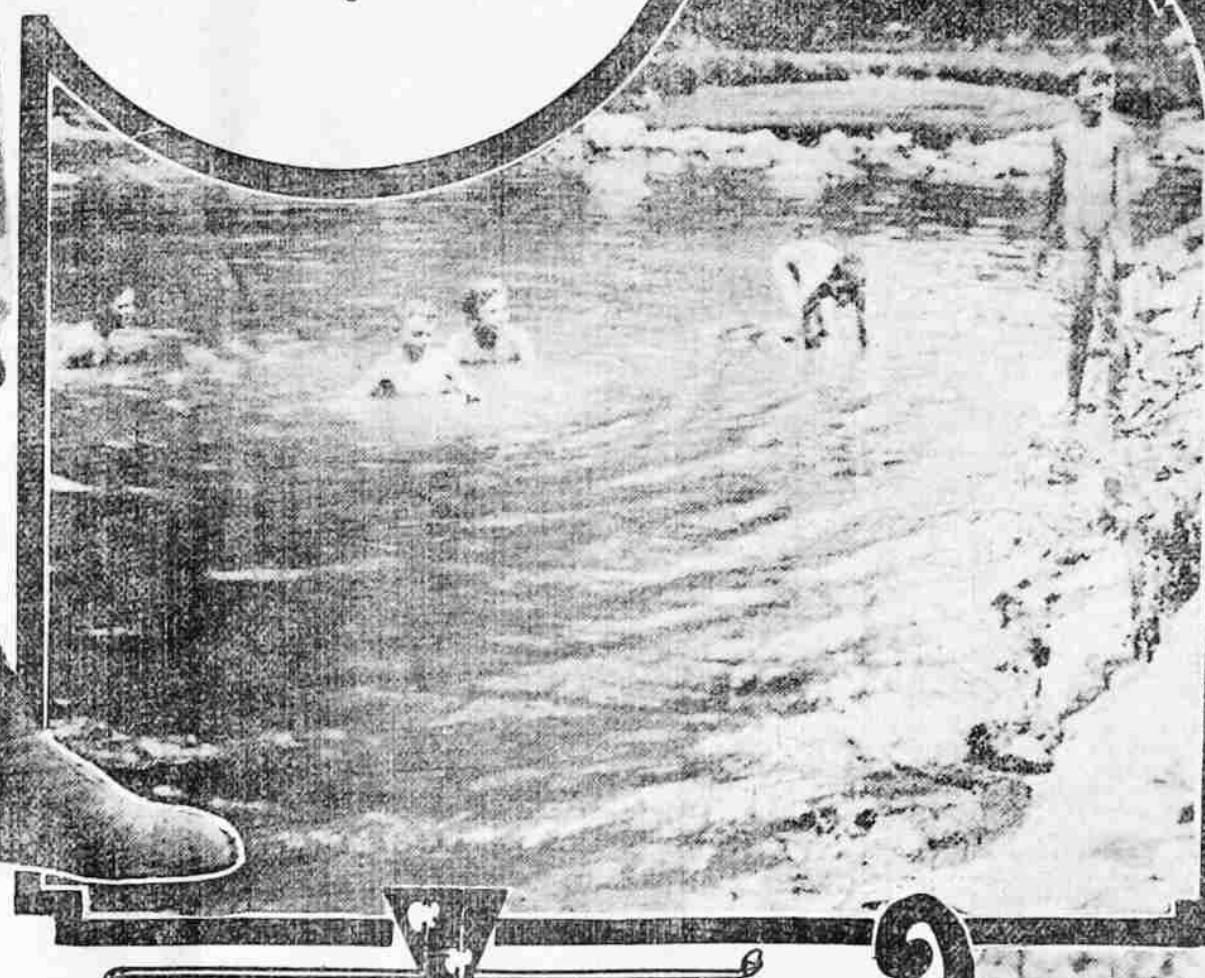
Finally Johnny Dear is ridiculed into diving. He makes a head foremost tumble off the peak of the big rock and with his arms and legs waving in the air lands with a noisy splash, belly first. The water rises all around the luckless diver. His skin smart from the contact with



the water. He is blinded by the water getting in his eyes and because he chose a shallow place in which to dive the top of his head is bruised from striking a rock. Johnny comes to the surface blowing water like a whale. "Rotten work," the kids all agree. Johnny next refuses to get out in the deep water. His companions at last take him by the ears and hair

and swim with him out of his depths and let him go. **JOHNNY COMES BACK SWIMMING NOISILY.** But Johnny does not drown. The surprising thing is he comes back to land swimming noisily if not gracefully. He paws up the water as he digs for his life. His eyes open wide with terror and they refill with water until he cannot see.

Two  
Fingers  
is the Rally  
Signal in  
Boyville  
for a Great  
Time in  
"th' ol'  
swimmin'  
hole" and  
the Lad Who  
Doesn't Go Is a  
"Sissy."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLINT MURPHY JR.

**A T TOP**—"Giving the call." Center—"Th' Ole Swimmin' Hole." Lower left—"Watch Me Dive." Lower right—"Chewing Beefsteak."

that knows no ruler except the best all round athlete in the bunch. The parent who deprives his boy from the right to swim is making a big mistake, according to the generally recognized ideas of the day. Swimming is such a beneficial exercise that everyone should know how. The Boyville plan to take a poor swimmer out in the deep water and compel him to swim is a reckless one, to say the least.

Swimming teachers get best results by taking novices into shallow water, and, after teaching them the simplest strokes take them in water shoulder deep and have them try them out. It is easier to swim in water shoulder deep than in the shallower water. The shallow water interferes with the motions of the novice who is apt to kick against the bottom with his toes, expert swimmers declare.

Sometimes an exceptionally timorous swimmer is taken out in deep water where he learns he can swim, but he has had considerable experience paddling around in shallow water first, as a rule.

## BROAD OR SIDE STROKES FOR WOMEN.

While it is true that girls and women may learn the alternate overarm stroke, there is too much

underwater swimming splash and action to make it an appropriate movement for women. The "broad" or the "side" strokes are much better for women, even though they are harder to learn. In both of these movements the arms are kept under the water all the time, and there is no rolling of the body. In other words, these strokes are more graceful and gentle.

In learning the broad stroke, rest the hands on the bottom in shallow water and practice the leg movement first. They are bent and brought up toward the body with the heels together and the knees apart, then straightened and spread wide, then brought together straight. Next sit in water shoulder high and practice the arm movements. Hold the hands together in front of the chest, palms down, extend them forward at arm's length, then with palms turned back spread them sideways, then return to chest. The difficulty in this stroke is to combine the arm and leg movements. Use some support and start with the arms and legs bent, then spread the legs and at the same time extend the arms forward, then hold the arms there while you bring the legs together, then hold the legs together as you spread the arms sideways, then bend arms and legs again. It will be observed that the leg motion is done first and the arms follow.

The "side" stroke is used largely by men and advanced women swimmer movement of the upper arm, movement of the upper arm, whereas the women keep it under water. As in the broad stroke, practice the legs first. To do this, hold the body suspended sideways, then the top leg is brought up toward

## The Ol' Swimmin' Hole

**O**H, the old swimmin'-hole! Where the creek so still and deep  
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,  
And the gurgle of the water round the drift fest below  
Sounded like the laugh of something we one't ust to know.  
Before we could remember anything, but the eyes  
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;  
But the merry days of youth is beyond our control,  
And it's hard to part forever with the old swimmin'-hole.

**O**H, the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,  
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,  
Oh, it showed me a face in its warm, sunny tide,  
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,  
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress  
My shadder smilin' up at me with aich tenderness.

**B**UT them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck his toll  
From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.  
Oh, the old swimmin'-hole, in the long, lazy days  
When the hum-drum of school made so many runaways,  
How pleasant was the journey down the old dusty lane,  
Where the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plane,  
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole  
They was lots o' fun on hands at the old swimmin'-hole.

**T**HERE the bullrushes grewed and the cattails so tall,  
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all,  
And it mottled the water with amber and gold,  
Tel the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that rolled;  
And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by  
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,  
Or a wounded apple-blossom in the breeze's control,  
As it cut across some orchard to'rds the old swimmin'-hole.

**O**H, the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,  
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;  
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot  
Where the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.  
And I stray down the banks where the trees ust to be—  
But never again will they shade shelter me!  
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,  
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

side horizontal and at the same time extend the upper one downward to thigh close to the body, then swing the lower one straight down sideways to the thigh and at the same time the upper one is bent toward the chest and beyond the head.

Most beginners work too hard, using up energy unnecessarily. Watch a good swimmer and you will notice that he makes his movements wide and strong, but never jerky and fast, as beginners invariably do. After each stroke the swimmer floats as he slowly prepares for the next stroke.

## For a Rainy Day.

The careful husband had given his wife some money to put into the family sinking fund, but she had spent it. Two or three days later she asked for more.

"Didn't I give you some last Monday?" he inquired in the well known manner of husbands under

similar circumstances.

"Yes, but I spent it."  
"Spent it? I thought you had laid it away for a rainy day."  
"I did, Henry," she smiled sweetly. "I bought a raincoat, an umbrella, and a pair of rubbers with it."

